

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 33 • 27th September 1969

PRICE 1/3



The ENCHANTED HORSE



1. To the court of the King of Persia had come an Indian magician with a wonderful flying horse. As soon as the King saw that the horse could really fly, he wanted it. But the cunning magician said that he would only part with the horse if he could marry the King's beautiful young daughter.

2. This made the King's son, the handsome Prince Firroz of Persia, very angry, and to teach the magician a lesson he jumped on the horse and soared away into the clouds. Everyone gasped at the Prince's daring. The King was very worried as he saw his son trying to control the Flying Horse.



3. The magician raged with fury. "Come back, thief!" he cried. The King turned on him. "You dare to call my beloved son a thief?" he roared. "You shall be imprisoned for saying that." He called two guards, who took the magician to prison.



4. Meanwhile, the Prince had managed to find the knob which controlled the Enchanted Flying Horse. Gaily now, he sent the steed galloping through the sky, over, under and through the clouds. Never before had the Prince known anything like this.



5. For hour after hour Prince Fironz raced across the sky, over hills, mountains and rivers. He was so excited and thrilled that he did not notice how far he was travelling. As night began to fall, he turned the horse's head and set off for home. Across the face of the Moon he galloped at speed.



6. Now that it was dark, however, it was impossible for the Prince to recognise the country below and after two hours he realised that he had lost his way. "Where am I?" he wondered. Then he saw below him a great palace surrounded by a city. He guided the horse down and landed on one of the palace terraces.



7. "I must find somebody who can tell me where I am and how to return to Persia," said the Prince. Nearby were some open windows. Quietly, for everything was still, he stepped through the windows and there, fast asleep, he saw a lovely Princess. Around her were her ladies, also fast asleep.



8. For a few moments the Prince looked down at the sleeping Princess. But that was long enough. He fell in love with her. Gently he awakened her, and as she sat up, he knelt before her. "Fair lady, do not be afraid," he said. "I am the Prince of Persia. Pray tell me—where am I?"

Who is this beautiful Princess? You will be able to find out next week.



**N. American
Indian**

These are our "Allsorts" pages. In the very first issue, we showed you all sorts of boys and girls around the world. Here are some more.



Turkey

Boys and Girls



China



Persia



Russia



Portugal



Nigeria



Italy

around the World



New Zealand



Sweden



Egypt



Tibet



BRER RABBIT

Brer Fox sees smoke without fire. By Barbara Hayes

NOW one time Miss Meadows and the girls fell to having a craze for cooking. Morning, noon and night they were trying out new ways of making cakes and stew and pies.

Of course, I don't have to tell you who was always round at Miss Meadows' house sampling the cooking and telling the girls which things had turned out well and which had turned out even better.

None other than our chum, Brer Rabbit. With all this good food and fine eating, Brer Rabbit's tummy grew rounder and his fur grew sleeker and he began to look quite tasty himself. At least that is what Brer Fox thought.

As you know, Brer Fox had always wanted to eat Brer Rabbit for dinner, but now that Brer Rabbit was looking so plump and well, Brer Fox wanted to eat him more than ever.

Whenever Brer Rabbit went out for a walk, you can be sure Brer Fox was always hiding and watching him with greedy eyes.

So it happened that one afternoon, just after tea at Miss Meadows' house, when Brer Rabbit had been sampling the latest chocolate cake, Brer Fox dropped by and sat in the rocking chair on the front verandah.

"What a shame!" said Miss Meadows to Brer Fox. "You have just missed tea and now there is nothing for you to eat."

"Oh I don't know," smiled Brer Fox, looking at Brer Rabbit and licking his lips, "I reckon I might be able to find a very



nice dinner round here, if my luck's in."

Then he smiled greedier than ever and said, "And I think my luck is in today."

Poor Brer Rabbit shook so hard he almost fell out of his chair, but he didn't want to seem a coward in front of Miss Meadows and the girls.

"Perhaps I can sneak off while Brer Fox is still here chatting," thought Brer Rabbit, so he said:

"What time are you thinking of going, Brer Fox?"

"Just any time you are," smiled Brer Fox, showing his terrible white teeth. "I'll stroll along with you, Brer Rabbit, and who knows, maybe as we go along, I'll find myself a nice dinner."

all, but Brer Fox wasn't going to let it seem that he couldn't see as well as Brer Rabbit, so he said:

"Why, yes, I can see the line of smoke."

"It looks to me as if it is coming from your house," said Brer Rabbit.

"Yes, I suppose it does," agreed Brer Fox.

Brer Rabbit screwed up his eyes and took an even longer look into the far distance. He made a tut-tutting noise and sadly shook his head.

"A fire is a terrible thing," he said. "There's no knowing what might happen if one gets really going—and that one looks as if it might. I think I can see an

"Why, Brer Fox, how can you sit there so calmly, when your house is on fire?" she gasped. "You ought to be running home at once to help your wife and children."

Brer Fox shifted round uncomfortably. He couldn't quite think how, but he felt he was being tricked.

But Miss Meadows dragged him to his feet.

"For shame!" she said. "You said you could see smoke quite clearly. Now you come with me and I'll make sure that you go home to help your wife."

Then she dragged Brer Fox off the verandah and up the road, so that he had no chance of catching Brer Rabbit.



Brer Rabbit knew what that meant. The nice dinner would be *him*.

So Brer Rabbit thought a bit more and then he said:

"You have to have good eyesight to find a good dinner these days, you know, Brer Fox. Have you *got* good eyesight?"

"Of course I have," replied Brer Fox.

"The best eyesight in these parts."

"Well, in that case," said Brer Rabbit, "you can easily see that line of smoke rising up across the fields there."

And he pointed in the direction of Brer Fox's home.

"I can see the smoke quite clearly," said Brer Rabbit.

Well, of course, there was no smoke at

even thicker line of smoke."

"Me, too," agreed Brer Fox, not to be outdone. "It looks a sort of brown-black colour to me, but as yet I can't see any flames."

"Nor can I," said Brer Rabbit, quite truthfully, "but if we stand here for a while I daresay we will see some soon. Let's see who can be the first to see a sign of flames."

"Sure!" agreed Brer Fox.

"The more I look, the more I reckon that the smoke is coming from the place where your house is," said Brer Rabbit.

"Sure," agreed Brer Fox again.

Miss Meadows looked startled.

By the time Miss Meadows and Brer Fox had discovered there was no fire, Brer Rabbit was safely in his own home.

"Brer Fox's eyes may be sharp but his brains could do with a little sharpening," he chuckled.

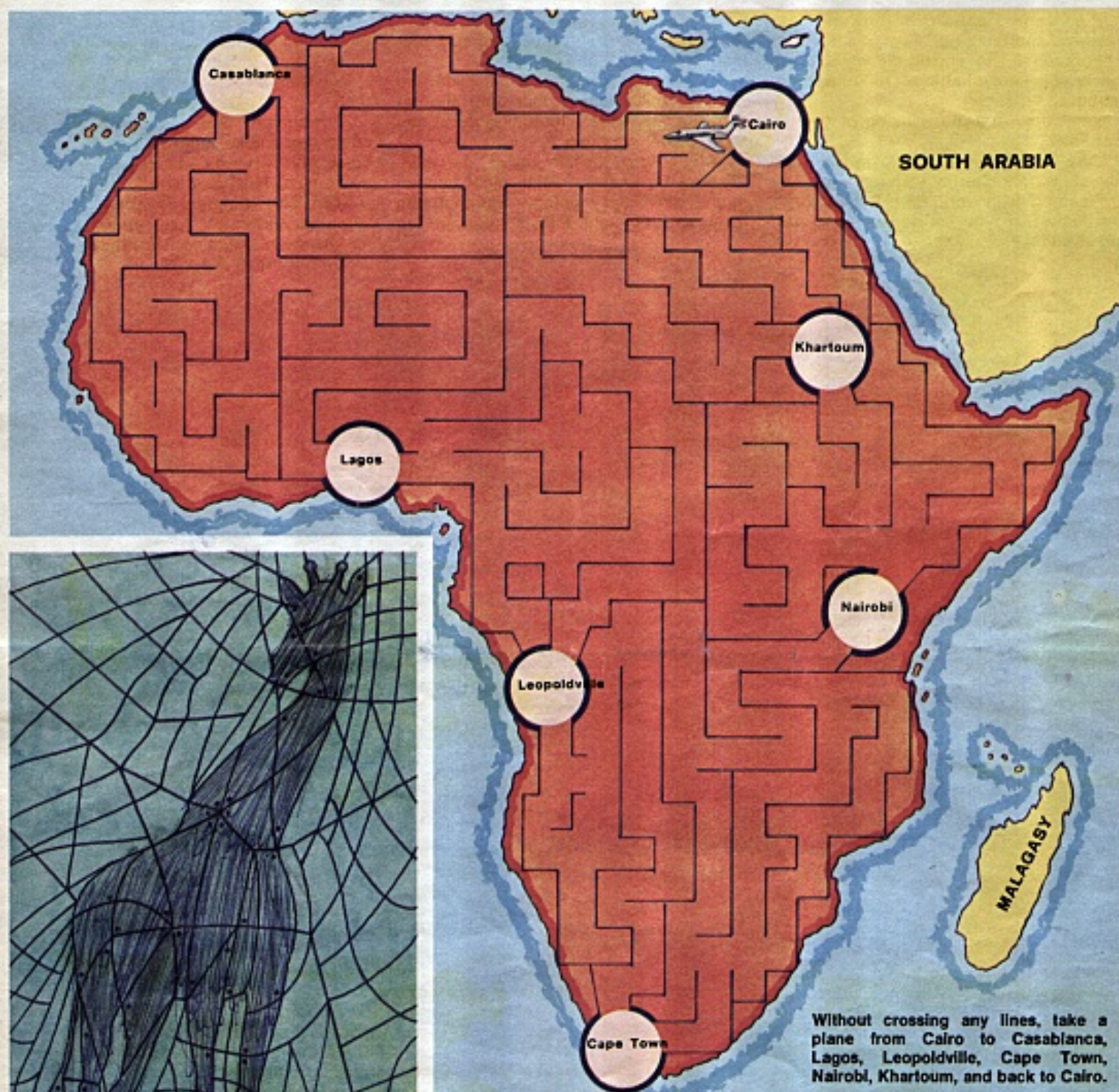
As for Brer Fox, he sat at home and he thought and thought and thought.

"One of these days I am going to get the better of that clever little Brer Rabbit," he said to himself. "Somehow or other he always seems to trick me."

But we don't think he will manage that very easily, do we?

There will be another Brer Rabbit story next week.

The Continent of Africa



Without crossing any lines, take a plane from Cairo to Casablanca, Lagos, Leopoldville, Cape Town, Nairobi, Khartoum, and back to Cairo.



To find out what is hidden in this puzzle picture, shade in with a pencil all the spaces marked with a dot. Have fun!

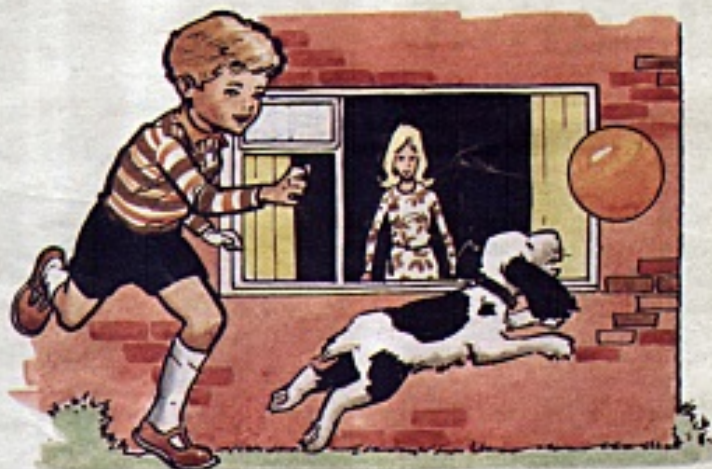


This shows you Africa's place in the world.

Ronnie Wrong and Richard Right



Ronnie plays with his ball in the dining room when his Mummy's back is turned. At first he plays gently, but when he gets excited and careless, one of Mummy's best vases is broken.



Richard takes his ball out into the garden to play with it and his spaniel puppy joins in the fun. Mummy is pleased for there is plenty of space for a ball-game in the garden.



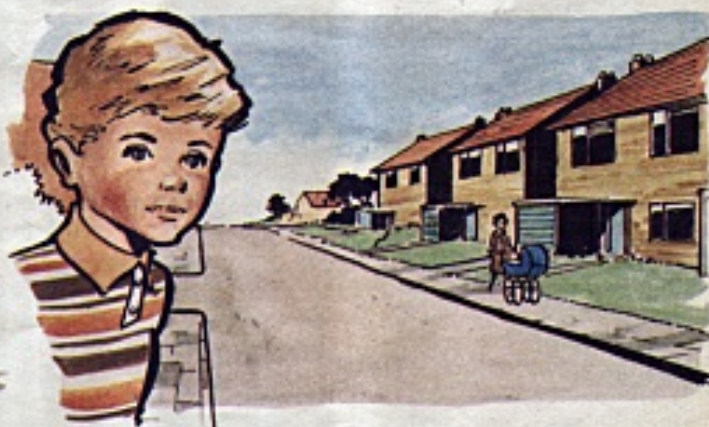
Ronnie comes in from playing with his friends in the park. He sits down at the tea-table without washing the dirt off his hands. Mummy frowns. Food should not be touched with dirty hands.



Richard, who has also been having fun in the park with Ronnie and his friends, does not need telling about dirty hands. He gives them a good wash before sitting down to his tea.



Ronnie is always in too much of a hurry. When he wants to cross a road he forgets that there is danger in running across without first taking a good, long look at the traffic.



Richard is more sensible. His Mummy knows that he will always stop at the kerb and take a good look both ways before stepping into the road, so she does not have to worry about him.

King Canute

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions about it.

If your parents take deck-chairs down to the edge of the sea when the tide is out, they will not be able to sit there for long. They will have to move back when the tide comes in, or they will get their feet wet.

When they see the tide coming in, many people think about the story of King Canute. It is said that he was a very foolish and vain King, who thought himself so clever and powerful that he could command the sea to go back. But this was not so, as you will see when you read this true story of him.

King Canute was born about 994. As a young man he took part in an invasion of England by the Vikings, as the men from Denmark and Norway were called. He became King of England in 1016. For 18 years he ruled wisely and well.

Canute gave England 18 years of peace and order. During that time his elder brother died and Canute took over the thrones of Denmark and Norway as well.

His courtiers were anxious to please him, so they flattered him. They were always telling King Canute that he could do anything he wanted, if he tried.

So the King told them to take his throne and place it at the edge of the sea when the tide was out. He sat on the throne and when the rising tide came closer and closer to his feet, he ordered the water to go back. But not even the command of a King could make the sea go back—and soon the salt water was lapping around the Royal feet, much to the dismay of the noble courtiers.

"Does the sea dare to disobey a King's order?" they said.

King Canute only smiled. Turning to his courtiers, he said, "Let all men know how empty and worthless is the power of Kings. There is only one person whom the heaven, earth and sea obey, and that is God."

So you see, King Canute was not a foolish and vain man. He knew very well that he could not stop the tide coming in—and this was his way of stopping his foolish courtiers from flattering him.





Do you like stories of magic and surprises? Here is one with a BIG surprise at the end.

The Fairy Gold



1. Jack and Joseph were woodcutters. They had the same job and went to work together, but there the likeness between them ended. For whereas Jack was as gentle and kindhearted a fellow as ever there was, Joseph was greedy and selfish and enjoyed nothing better than laughing at other people's misfortune.



2. In the woods one day Jack found a piece of shining gold in a fairy ring. "It's fairy gold," he said. "I must put it back, for it is unlucky to take fairy gold." "Don't be such a ninny," cried Joseph, snatching the gold from Jack's hand. "This is worth a lot of money and I'm going to keep it."



3. "The fairies will punish us for taking what didn't belong to us," said Jack unhappily as they left the woods to return to their village. "I'm sure something unpleasant will happen to us." Joseph stared at Jack. "Something is happening to you," he declared. "You're getting smaller and smaller as I look at you!"



4. Soon the top of Jack's head only reached as high as Joseph's knee. Joseph thought this ever so funny and roared with laughter, pointing down at Jack. "Ha, ha!" he chuckled. "You were the one who found the fairy gold, so you are the one the fairies are punishing. They're making you smaller and smaller."



5. Soon their village came in sight. "I can't wait to see the people stare when they catch sight of how you have shrunk to such a small size," chuckled Joseph. "And everything is going to be too big for you. You won't have a small enough bed to sleep in and you won't be able to lift a knife and fork to eat! You will have to be careful how you walk around—you might get trodden on."



6. Poor Jack. Joseph towered above him and Jack felt very miserable. It seemed that life was going to be so unhappy for him from now on. But strangely enough, when he entered the village everyone there seemed to be about the same size as he was. "But what are they all staring at?" he wondered.



7. And then Jack realised that he hadn't been growing smaller but that Joseph had been growing larger. So it had been Joseph the fairies had punished after all. After Joseph returned the gold he became his normal size again, but it was a lesson he never forgot and never again did he laugh at other people's troubles.



Beautiful Paintings

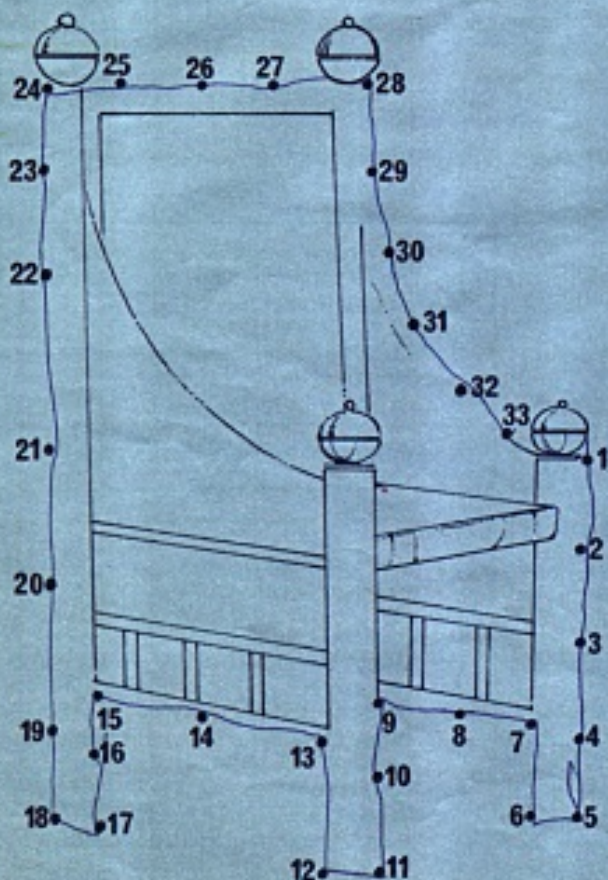
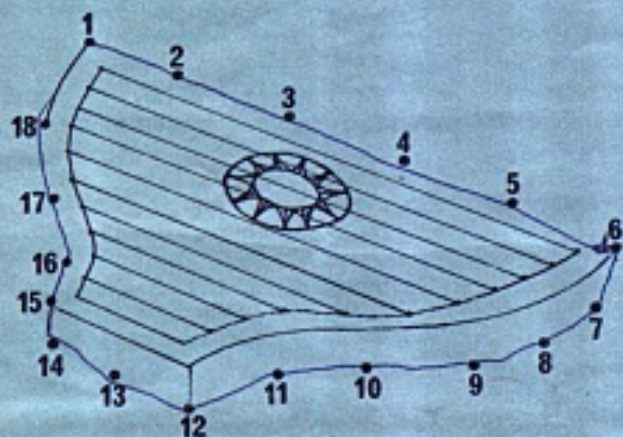
This magnificent picture was painted by Frederic Remington, a very famous American artist, who was always happiest when painting pictures of life in the great Wild West. This picture shows a sudden attack by a war-party of fierce Redskins. Without warning, they have galloped down on the peaceful wagon-train just as the pioneers reach a long-awaited river where the great oxen can quench their thirst. The young man in charge of the leading wagon has only a stick to defend himself, but see how bravely he faces his attackers. The early pioneers of America were very brave people.

This picture, entitled "The Emigrants", is reproduced by kind permission of the Pallis Gallery, London, W.1.

Queen Matilda

Last week in "Once Upon A Time" we told you about William the Conqueror, who became King William the First of England. His Queen was named Matilda, and here we see her in a dress of those Norman times.

Below are two puzzles. In the first one, join the dots from number 1 to number 18, to draw a dulcimer, which was a musical instrument of Queen Matilda's time. In the second one, by joining the dots from number 1 to number 33, you will draw a Norman chair.



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week the mice go into the Old Grange. By Barbara Hayes.

"THERE'S something very queer going on here," said Stephanie, the town mouse, as she stood waiting outside the large oak doors of the Old Grange.

"Yes, there is," agreed Nigel, her boy-friend. "That chap who answered the door to us seems to be quite a decent sort of fellow, so why is he keeping us waiting on the doorstep like this?"

"He was so handsome and he looked worried about something," joined in Winifred, the country mouse. "Do you think if I invited him to have some of our picnic and gave him a nice cup of tea, he might tell us what the trouble is?"

"Oh, that's right! That's right!" said Stephanie in her sneering way. "We no sooner meet someone nice than you want to start choking him with one of your wretched cups of tea. Really, Winifred, you seem to think that a cup of tea is the answer to any problem!"

Winifred just hung her head, but her boy-friend, Bertie, spoke up.

"Well, Stephanie," he said, "can you think of anything better than offering the young fellow a cup of tea, then?"

And as Stephanie couldn't, Bertie told Winifred to go ahead.

You see, Stephanie and Nigel had fallen into the river and got wet. Then they had met Winifred and Bertie out for a picnic and they had all gone across to the Old Grange to see if they could borrow some dry clothes for Stephanie and Nigel to wear till they got home.

The young boy who lived in the Old Grange had said he would lend them some clothes, but he just wouldn't let them into the house. "I daren't let you in. I just daren't!" he had said.

Just then the young man came back, carrying some lovely clothes for Stephanie and a smart suit for Nigel.

"Please do borrow these. I hope they fit," he said, in his very shy manner.

Then he blushed again.

"Oh dear!" he sighed, "I suppose I shall have to invite you indoors so that you can change. But I say! Do you think you could do me a favour and keep your

eyes shut all the while we are indoors?"

The mice all stared at each other. Things were getting more mysterious all the time.

Then kind-hearted Winifred decided to take things into her own hands.

"Come along, dear!" she said, taking the shy boy by the hand. "Now you just come and sit by me and have a nice cup of tea from our picnic and a big slice of my home-made chocolate cake."

"Oh—I say—thanks ever so much," said the shy boy. "I haven't had any home-made cake for ages."

And as the shy boy sat munching and drinking, he looked at Winifred and saw how kind she was and he told her all his troubles.

"You see I am an orphan living in this big house alone," he said, "and the truth is I just haven't enough money to keep a big place like this going."

"I have enough to pay Mr. and Mrs. Cabbage to keep the outside of the house looking nice. And I have enough to live on and keep two or three rooms inside the house fit to live in, but I just can't afford to pay people to come in and keep the big rooms cleaned and painted. So the house has got into a dreadful state."

"It's so bad I'm too ashamed to let anyone in to see. I have had to stop inviting any friends round. Really, it's all quite misery-making."

Winifred felt very sorry for the poor young boy.

"Perhaps I could nip round with a duster and make things look a bit better for you!" she said in her kind way.

But, of course, Stephanie butted in as usual.

"Oh don't be so stupid, Winifred," she said. "This isn't your wretched little cottage for you to clean with a duster—this place needs someone with spirit and good taste to put it right—someone like me in fact."

And with that Stephanie swept into the Old Grange and looked all round its beautiful rooms and wide staircase.

"This," said Stephanie with a satisfied smile, "is just the place for a fashion show—or for a party—or for a wedding—or even a dance. Why, Sonny, you are sitting on a gold mine here."

The others looked rather puzzled.

"I will get some of my business friends

out here," went on Stephanie happily. "They will pay to have the whole place cleaned and painted and then in return you can let them use it for fashion shows for all the shops in town and hire it out to people who want to give parties. Your house will be kept looking smart, and my friends will make some money and I will have the best seat at all the fashion shows. So everyone will be happy. What do you say?"

Well, of course, the shy boy agreed.

Stephanie's idea was very clever. She could be clever when she put her mind to it, you know.

So Stephanie and Nigel changed into dry clothes and went home happily talking over all the business they would do at the Old Grange.

Winifred and Bertie finished their picnic and then went to their homes, but before they went the shy boy asked Winifred if he might go to her cottage to tea some time.

"Yours is the nicest chocolate cake I have ever tasted," he said.

There will be another mice story next week.

Here are some questions from the story of King Canute on page 10. See how well you remember it.

1. When was King Canute born?
2. What were the invaders from Denmark and Norway called?
3. Do you remember the date when Canute became King of England?
4. For how many years did he reign?

Hello Boys and Girls,

It's fun to learn about things and to do this you can turn to the Wise Old Owl's page, which tells you the answers to interesting questions. If you have any special question which is puzzling you, why not write and ask the Wise Old Owl to answer it for you at this address:

City Magazines Ltd.,
167 Fleet Street,
London, E.C.4.

Hoping to hear from you soon. Please tell me what you like most in "Once Upon A Time".

Your friend, The Editor.





JACK AND THE BEANSTALK



1. After climbing to the top of the magic beanstalk Jack took a bag of gold from the wicked giant while the giant was asleep. Jack dropped the bag of gold down and began to climb down after it.

2. It seemed to Jack that he would never reach the bottom of the beanstalk, but at long last he was back in his own garden where the beanstalk was growing. How pleased Jack's mother was to see him.



3. "Mother! The beans were magical after all!" said Jack. And he showed his mother the bag of gold and told her of his adventures. "You clever boy!" she smiled. "Now I shall be able to buy nice things to eat that we have never before been able to afford."

4. Jack and his mother had been poor for as long as Jack could remember and so what a wonderful time they now had! Jack bought new clothes for his mother and for himself, the house was repaired and repainted, and there were cakes for tea every day.



5. But one day when they went to the bag of gold it was empty. All the gold had been spent. "Don't worry, mother," said Jack. "Perhaps I can be lucky again at the top of the beanstalk." And for the second time Jack began to climb.



6. Jack climbed and clambered and pulled himself up hand over hand until once more he was at the top of the great beanstalk. There was the road again and at the end of it, there was the big house with the giant's wife standing outside.



7. "Good morning, ma'am," said Jack. "Could you give me something to eat?" "You'd better be off or the giant will eat you," the big woman warned him. "Aren't you the boy who was here once before on the very day the giant missed one of his bags of gold?"

What will Jack do now? There will be more of this exciting story next week.



8. "I'm so hungry I can't speak until I've had something to eat," answered Jack. The giant's wife was so curious that she took Jack inside and gave him some food. Jack had scarcely begun munching it when—*thump! thump!*—they heard the footsteps of the giant!



The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

Where does a moth come from?

As we grow older we get bigger and bigger until we are grown up. But apart from becoming larger we remain very much the same in appearance. We still have two arms, two legs, two eyes, two ears, a nose and a mouth and so on. But some creatures change their shape completely as they pass from one stage of their lives to another. Let us take a look at a moth. There are many kinds and sizes, but all of them begin life as an egg, which hatches into a caterpillar.



A baby caterpillar seems to have only one idea in mind, and that is to eat and eat and eat! It seems to know that it needs to grow fat in a very short space of time, so spends its time seeking out the juiciest green stuff, which it then gobbles up with a very greedy appetite, as though frightened that it will not get enough.



Then, one day, the caterpillar stops eating and starts to spin a fine silk thread. It keeps spinning the thread until it has made a silken sack all round itself. We call this silk sack a cocoon. You cannot see the caterpillar inside it, but it starts to change shape in a wonderful way.



At last the cocoon begins to split open. Now is the moment to see what has been happening to the fat caterpillar inside the cocoon.



It is not a caterpillar any more. The lovely thing which comes out of the broken cocoon has a body, a head, legs and brightly-coloured wings. In a few moments it is ready to fly. A beautiful moth, which came from a greedy caterpillar.